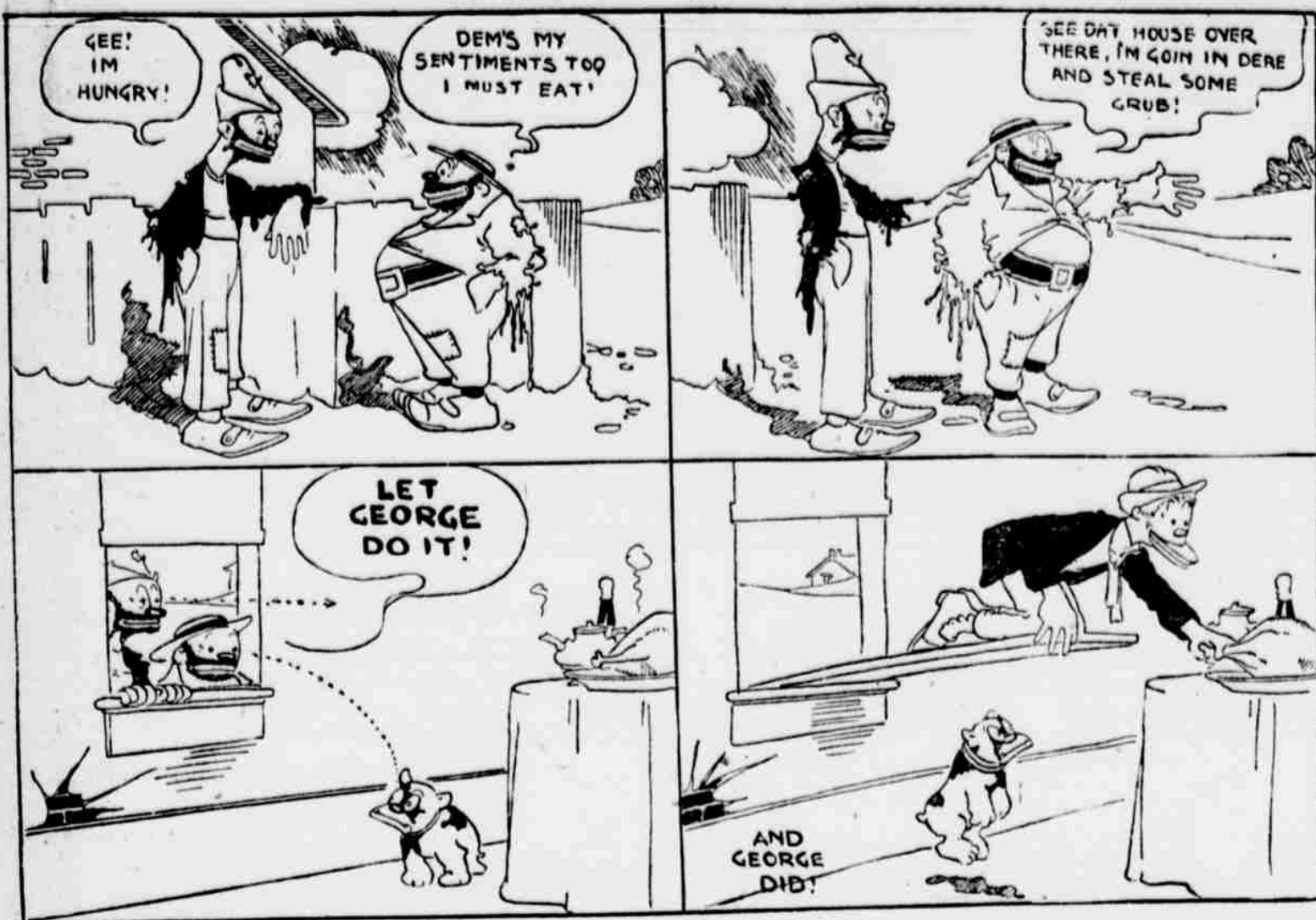


Let George Do It!

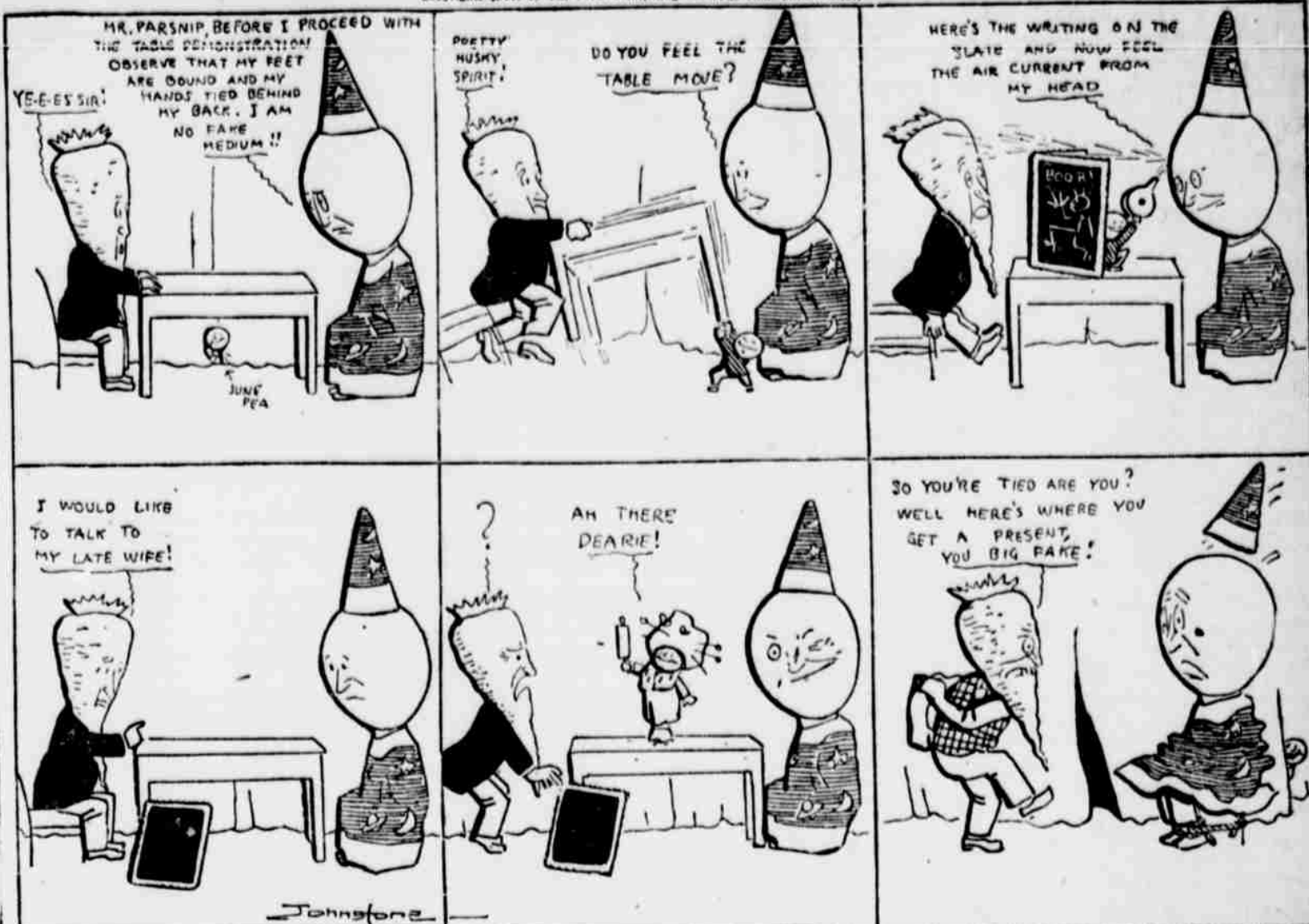
By George McManus



The Shell Game

Mr. Egg Just Solves a Spirit Problem or Two

By Will B. Johnstone



Sayings of . . . Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.
Translated By Helen Rowland.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

MY DAUGHTER, men shall come unto thee, saying: "Need not the counsel of thy mother, for, behold, she is more to be distrusted than a man-eater. Lo, she is a MAN-HATER!"

Yes, I charge thee, believe them NOT. For verily, verily, of all the sexes that roam the earth my FAVORITE is the masculine.

Then I bid ye profit by my research and by my advice be made wise, nor hearken unto triflers.

Lo, three STICK sayings hath every youth when he meeteth a damsel, and they are more changeless than a boiler-plate electro. He saith: "Thou hast eyes like unto my MOTHER'S."

"Behold, mine BEAUTY is as naught to me, but thou hast a fascinating MIND."

"And I feel as though I had known thee ALL my life!"

Three things saith a married man when he meeteth an attractive woman:

"My wife is the most charming woman in the world, BUT—"

"Are you ever downtown at luncheon time?"

"Nobody understands me!"

Three patent sayings hath a widow and they are these:

"My husband and I were SO congenial."

"I shall never marry again—UNLESS—"

"My tastes are SO domestic."

Verily, verily, a widow is wise concerning men. She scorneth a kiss from afar and avoideth it.

But a damsel is always SO surprised. She saith, "Don't!"

A widow provoketh not a quarrel. She appealeth to his "better self."

But a damsel slappeth his face and thereby loseth him.

A widow putteth him upon his "honor," yet she keepeth one eye upon him.

But a damsel putteth him upon a pedestal and is astounded when he slippeth off with a CRASH.

Then come unto me all ye who are SIMPLE and in doubt and I will give ye many TIPS.

For MAN is unto me as a fascinating proposition in geometry to which I have found the solution and written "Q. E. D." Selah!

Babbling Bess

By Harry Palmer



Letters of a Modern Maid

By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

DEARLING NELLIE: I promised you the dowager in this letter, didn't I? My dear, the dowagers are screaming! In every a dowager is anywhere. She got hold of Major Webb—you know the handsome Major Webb—and dragged him out on a little balcony, and when they came in he had two smudges of rouge on his shirt front and big splashes of powder on his coat collar!

Of course no one would have said anything about it till he got wise himself, but the old dame wasn't going to let a trick like that slip by.

The minute they came into the full glare of the light she caulked loudly enough to draw a crowd and, tapping the Major's beribboned front, surprised: "Naughty-naughty! Well, a balcony always reminds me of Romeo and Juliet, doesn't it, Major, dear?"

And the poor man had to stand for it—it's awfully hard to be a gentleman at times!

Nell, dear, promise me something, please! If I show any skittish signs when I'm approaching sixty, muzzle me and have me carried to the jumping-off place. I think I'll begin to lay in a stock of lace caps and black swish stile and have a warning against that, dear old age—the dizzy dowager.

More scribbles in a few days.

ONLY, Boston

REAL ECONOMY.

A New England mother had come upon her eight-year-old son enjoying a feast whereof the components were jam, butter and bread.

"Son," said the mother, "don't you think it's extravagant to eat butter with that fine jam?"

"No, ma'am," was the response. "It's economical; the same piece of bread does for both."—Lippincott's.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

When He Proposes.

MY dear girls, if a man loves you he will tell you so. If he wishes to marry you he will ask you to become his wife.

Maybe if he is a little shy it may take him some time to get up his courage to propose; but if he actually cares for you, sooner or later he will declare his affection. And so, my dears, there is never the slightest necessity for the girl to do the courting. Just remember that when you are in doubt as to whether or not a man loves you. Do not write me letters like this one:

"I am very much in love with a man that I know cares for me. However, this man does not propose. How can I help him to tell me of his love? I think he is a little shy."

Now, my dear girls, there is absolutely no need for you to help any man with his wooing. If a man does not ask you to marry him probably he does not want you as his wife. If he did he would soon get up his courage to tell you of his love.

Not Always Kind.

A YOUNG man who signs his letter "H. M." writes:

"I am in love with a girl and she tells me she cares for me. Sometimes she treats me courtously, while at other times she is most unkind. Do you think she really does care?"

The young lady may care for you, but she evidently cares most for herself and her own moods, or she would not give way to them as you say she does.

His Intentions.

A GIRL who signs her letter "C. H." writes:

"A young man has called on me frequently and has taken me to several parties, and has introduced me to his family. Do you think he wishes to marry me?"

If the young man wishes to marry you he will tell you so. In the meanwhile he seems to be treating you with great courtesy.

"The Blonde Lady"

A New ARSENE LUPIN Story

By Maurice Le Blanc

(Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Baron de Saint-Germain, a French nobleman, had been killed by a bullet from a revolver. The bullet had entered his chest and had passed through his heart. The bullet had been fired from a revolver which was hidden in a box. The box had been hidden in a room. The room had been hidden in a house. The house had been hidden in a city. The city had been hidden in a country. The country had been hidden in a world.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

A Glimmer in the Darkness

THE two men went off on foot, made for the blonde and rang at the door of No. 49 Rue Chaligny, a house with a narrow frontage. Shears, who found a hiding place in the shadow of a recess formed by the angle of that unfrequented little street.

One of the two windows on the ground floor opened and a man in a bowler hat closed the shutters. The window space above the shutters was lit up.

In ten minutes' time, a gentleman came and rang at the same door, and, immediately afterwards, another person. And, at last, a motorcar drew up and Shears saw two people get out. Arsene Lupin and a lady dressed in a black and a thick veil.

"The blonde lady," I presume," thought Shears, as the cab drove away. He waited for a moment, then went to the house, climbed up to the window-ledge and, by standing on tip-toes, succeeded in peering into the room through that part of the window which the shutters failed to cover.

Arsene Lupin was leaning against the chimney and talking in an animated fashion. The others stood round and listened attentively. Shears recognized the head-waiter of the restaurant. As for the blonde lady, she was sitting in a chair, with her back turned toward him.

"They are holding a council," he thought. "This evening's occurrence have alarmed them and they feel a need to discuss things. . . . Oh, if I could only catch them all at one swoop!"

One of the accomplices moved and Shears leapt down and fell back into the shadow. The gentleman in the frock coat and the head-waiter left the house. Then the first floor was lit up and some one closed the window shutter. It was now dark above and below.

"He and she have remained on the ground floor," said Holmes to himself. "The two accomplices live on the first story."

He waited during a part of the night without stirring from his place, fearing that Arsene Lupin should go away during his absence. At 4 o'clock in the morning, seeing two policemen at the end of the street, he went up to them, explained the position and left them to watch the house.

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"If you haven't got him any better than you did last night, I may as well go back to bed. However, let's go and see the commissary."

They went to the Rue Mesnil and from there to the house of the commissary, M. Decolre. Next, accompanied by half a dozen men, they returned to the Rue Chaligny.

"Any news?" asked Shears of the two policemen watching the house.

No, sir; none.

The daylight was beginning to show

in the sky when the commissary after disposing his men, rang and entered the house of the commissary. Terrified by this intrusion, the woman, all trembling, said that there was no tenant on the ground floor.

"What do you mean; no tenant?" cried Ganymard.

"No, it's the people on the first floor. They have furnished the apartment below for some relations from the country."

"A lady and gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Did they come with them last night?"

"They may have. . . . I was asleep. . . . I don't think so, though, for here's the key—they didn't ask for it."

With this key, the commissary opened the door on the other side of the passage. The ground floor flat contained only two rooms; they were empty.

"Impossible!" said Shears. "I saw them both here."

The commissary grinned:

"Of course; but they are not here now."

"Let us go to the first floor. They must be there."

"The first floor is occupied by two gentlemen called Leroux."

"They all went upstairs and the commissary rang. At the second ring a man, who was none other than one of the bodyguards, appeared in his shirt-sleeves and, with a furious air:

"Well, what is it? What's all this noise about; what do you come waking people up for?"

"Lord bless my soul! . . . Am I dreaming? Why, it's M. Ganymard. . . . And you too, M. Ganymard? What can I do for you?"

There was a roar of laughter. Ganymard was splitting with a fit of merriment which doubled him up and seemed to threaten an apoplectic fit.

"It's you, Leroux!" he spluttered out. "Oh, that's the best thing I ever heard;

Leroux, Arsene Lupin's accomplice! . . . It'll be the death of me, I know it. . . . And where's your brother, Leroux? Is he visible?"

"Are you there, Edmond? It's M. Ganymard come to pay us a visit."

"Another man came forward, at the sight of whom Ganymard's hilarity increased still further.

"Well, I never! Dear, dear me! Ah, my friends, you're in a nice pickle. . . . Who would have suspected it? It's a good thing that old Ganymard keeps his eyes open and still better that he has friends to help him. . . . Friends who have come all the way from England!"

And, turning to Shears, he said:

"Mr. Shears, let me introduce Victor Leroux, detective-inspector, one of the best in the iron brigade. . . . And Edmond Leroux, head clerk in the finger-print department. . . ."

CHAPTER V.

Kidnapped.

ALMOCK SHEARS restrained his feelings. What was the use of protesting, of accusing these two men? Short of proofs, which he did not possess and which he would not waste time in looking for, no one would take his word.

With nerves on end and fists tightly clenched, he had but one thought, that of not betraying his rage and disappointment before the triumphant Ganymard. He bowed politely to these two mainstays of society, the brothers Leroux, and went downstairs.

In the hall he turned toward a small, low door, which marked the entrance to the cellar, and picked up a small red stone, which was a garnet.

Outside, he looked up and read, close to the number of the house, the inscription: "Lucien Desnange, architect, 47-49."

He saw the same inscription on No. 47.

"Always that double outlet," he

thought. "Nos. 46 and 47 communicate. . . . Why did I not think of it before? I ought to have stayed with the policeman all night."

And, addressing them, he said, pointing to the door of the next house:

"Did two people go out by that door while I was away?"

"Yes, sir, a lady and gentleman."

"He took the arm of the chief inspector and went along."

"Mr. Ganymard, you have enjoyed too heartily a laugh as to be angry with me for disturbing you like this. . . ."

"Oh, I'm not angry with you at all! . . . That's right. But the best jokes can't go on forever and I think we must put an end to this one."

"I am with you."

"This is our seventh day. It is absolutely necessary that I should be in London in three days hence."

"I say! I say!"

"I shall be there, though, and I beg you to hold yourself in readiness on Tuesday night."

"For an expedition of the same kind?" asked Ganymard, chaffingly.

"Yes, of the same kind."

"And how will this one end?"

"In Lupin's capture."

"You think so?"

"I swear it, on my honor."

Shears took his leave and went to seek a short rest in the nearest hotel, after which, refreshed and full of confidence, he returned to the Rue Chaligny, slipped two locks into the hand of the commissary, made sure that the brothers Leroux were out, learned that the house belonged to a certain M. Harnageard, and, carrying a candle, found his way down to the cellar through the little door near which he had picked up the garnet.

At the foot of the stairs, he picked up another of exactly the same shape.

"I was right," he thought. "This form the communication. . . . Let's see if my skeleton-key opens the door of the cellar that belongs to the ground-floor tenant. . . . Yes, capital. . . . Now, let's examine these wine-

bins. . . . Aha, here are places where the dust has been removed. . . . A slight sound made him pick up his ears. He quickly closed the door, blew out his candle and hid behind a stack of empty wine cases. After a few seconds he noticed that one of the iron bins was turning slowly on a pivot, carrying with it a small pile of papers. The light to which it was fastened. The light of a lantern was thrown into the cellar. An arm appeared. A man entered.

He was bent in two, like a man looking for something. He fumbled in the dust with his fingertips, and several times he straightened himself and threw something into a cardboard box which he carried in his left hand. Next he removed the marks of his footsteps, as well as those left by Lupin and the blonde lady, and went back to the wine bin.

He gave a hoarse cry and fell. Shears had caught him. It was the matter of a moment, and in the simplest way it was possible the man found himself stretched on the floor, with his ankles fastened together, and his wrists bound.

"The Englishman stooped over him. "How much will you take to speak to me?"

"To tell what you know?"

The man replied with so sarcastic a smile that Shears understood the truth of his question. He contented himself with exploring his captive's pockets, but his investigations produced nothing more than a bunch of keys, a pocket handkerchief and the little cardboard box used by the fellow and containing a dozen garnets similar to those which Shears had picked up. A poor booty! Besides, what was he to do with the man? Wait until his friends came to his assistance and hand them all over to the police? What was the good? What advantage could he derive from that? It against Lupin?

He was hesitating, when a glance at the box made him come to a decision. It bore the address of Leonard, Jeweller, Rue de la Paix.

(To Be Continued.)